

TO THE WORSHIPFUL
John Davies, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgessees,
And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants of the Town of
NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,
ALEXANDER PHILIPPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*,
from the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1765, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1766; inclusive
of the Persons (in Number 5) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also
those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 8. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 3.
The Meeting on the *Green* 1.

<i>Diseases.</i> Abortive and	Asthma	0	Consumption	22	Inflammation	0	Teeth	4
Stillborn	Cancer	0	Convulsion	12	Fevers	7	Thrush	1
Aged	Cholic	0	Dropsy	6	Mortification	1	Measles	9
Apoplexy and Suddenly	Childbed	0	Drowned	0	Small-Pox	6	Kill'd by Accident	1

WHERE OF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	30	Ten and Twenty	2	Forty and Fifty	12	Seventy and Eighty	8
Between Two and Five	6	Twenty and Thirty	9	Fifty and Sixty	8	Eighty and Ninety	8
Five and Ten	2	Thirty and Forty	3	Sixty and Seventy	8	Ninety and a Hundred	0

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	37	42	79	42	54	96
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	17	5	22	18	17	35
St. GILES'S. - -	19	18	37	24	24	48
St. PETER'S. - -	0	2	2	5	7	12
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish - - -				7	7	14
In the whole Town.	73	67	140	109	96	205
	Decreased	- -	33	Increased	- -	55

Serius, aut citius, sedem properamus adunam.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. JOB iii. 17.

MARCUS.
— I Tell you yes, this Life
Is full of Pain, and fraught with Strife;
'Tis all uncertain; sure your Fate,
For DEATH will call you soon or late.
COLIN.
It may be so—yet Life's gay Charms!—
Youth cannot think of DEATH's cold Arms.
MARCUS.
Well, take my Word—but, ah! what's here
A List of those who dy'd this Year,
In Sixty-six—the Numbers found
— - - - -
Some see with burning Fevers slain,
Others with Dropsy or Rheumatic Pain:
And see you here the Infants laid,
Abortive, Stillborn, hence convey'd;

So Youth will no Allowance make,
For DEATH both Old and Young will take.
COLIN.
'Tis true: But would you have my Head
For e'er perplex'd about the Dead?
Sighing, with melancholy View,
Which when I'm sick is Time to do
MARCUS.
No Reason you can e'er produce
(Of either moral Sense or Use)
That you should slight, in younger Years,
Some serious Thoughts, some little Cares;
Life is not drawn on one fair Plain,
Where neither Cares or Troubles reign;
So far from that, do all we can,
In Riches draw the Golden Plan,
Something will rise against us still,

The more so as we climb the Hill.
If POVERTY amongst us dwell,
We're all in Want beneath her Cell;
Still discontented in each State,
For ever murmur'ing at our Fate;
Then what in Life's short busy Round
Is so desirous to be found?
COLIN.
Your Thoughts are just—my blinded Eyes
You've open'd now, and made me wise;
'Ere this such Views I turn'd aside;
But now for DEATH I will provide.
MARCUS.
So be it, Friend, the Stroke await,
Learn to be good and truly great;
When that is done then DEATH will bring
You safe before the HEAV'NLY KING.

